

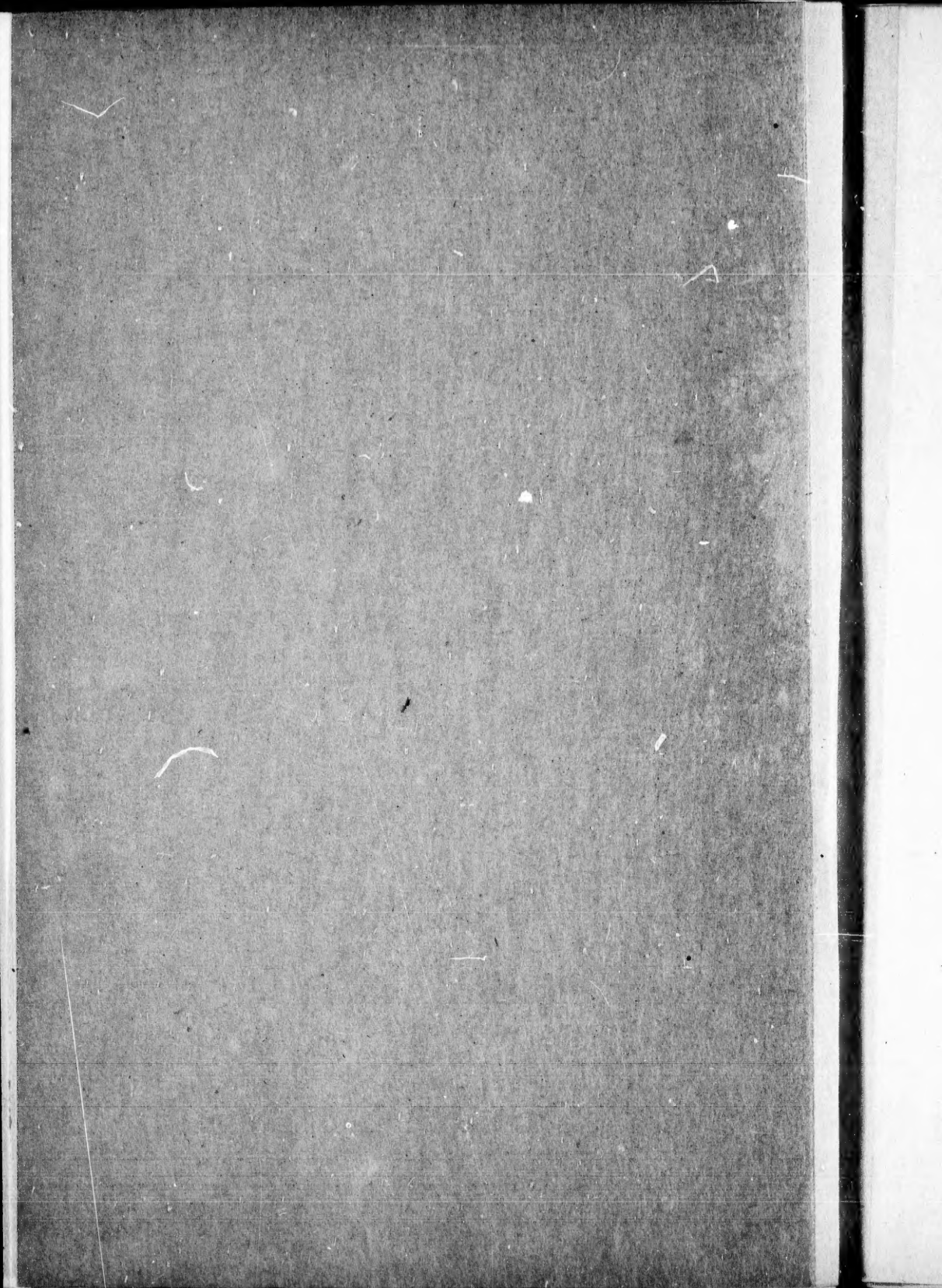
ANNEXATION
—AND—
BRITISH
CONNECTION

ADDRESS TO BROTHER JONATHAN

—BY—
WILLIAM PITTMAN LETT

PRICE 10 CENTS.

OTTAWA:
MASON & JONES, PRINTERS, 48 & 50 QUEEN ST.
1889.



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ANNEXATION.

In the present era of our country's history—a period which is marked by significant signs of the times, although not sufficiently ominous to indicate the approach of a national crisis, political, commercial or otherwise—it becomes the duty of every man in Canada to stand up and show his colours, to signify by word and act which side he is on—the side of loyalty or the side of treason. It has been said by some one without much faith in human nature, “that every man has his price.” I have more faith in mankind than to believe such a calumny as that. I believe that an honest man cannot be bought. It seems to me that the world does not contain money enough to purchase a true patriot. The history of the world has furnished us with many illustrious examples of incorruptible honesty and inflexible patriotism. The crucial ordeal of temptation and trial alone can reveal to the public eye the heroic, changeless virtue of such high born souls. There were incorruptible patriots in the days of old. Surely civilization, intelligence intellectual light and scientific progress, have not made men worse than they were in the time of Cincinnatus.

The question of annexation—under the specious pretexts of “Commercial Union,” “Unrestricted Reciprocity,” and other fallacious shibboleths—of Canada to the United States has formed a subject of discussion for some time in the press of this country as well as in that of the States. From our point of view this unpopular idea is fraught with such insuperable obstacles that it may be considered totally impracticable. The agitation of the question, however, will do much good, and can do little harm. It will band together more closely the loyal friends of Canadian Union and British connection. It will also enlighten the public mind of the United States upon many things which have hitherto been only imperfectly understood, and by the great body of the people of that country not comprehended at all.

Foreign demagogues and domestic traitors have drawn pictures of Canada and Canadians for the eye of Brother Jonathan completely at variance with the features of the original. Led astray by these false representations, he has been induced to form erroneous estimates of our country, our character, our condition, our hopes, our aspirations, and our feelings as a people.

Thus led astray by incorrect information, Brother Jonathan, with supreme self-possession, you smoke your cigar, you think of the “Monroe doctrine,” and ponder over the visionary dream that Canada will yet form a part of your country.

The United States of America form a great country. Its people constitute an acknowledged and important element in the onward march and practical development of human progress. In every part of the world, on land and sea, the "Star spangled banner" is respected as the honoured symbol of liberty and enterprise. The American Republic is one of the mighty, growing and progressive English speaking nations of the earth. The astounding rapidity of its advancement—its electric-like expansion—has surprised many of the less progressive peoples of the world. Notwithstanding all this, its unexpected advent amongst the nations, distinct in its national characteristics and identity, was primarily the result of accidental and extraneous influences which have already been recorded in the history of its rise, its early struggles for independence, and its final achievement of an acknowledged national status amongst the great powers of the world. Revolt is often the outcome of human passion or unprincipled demagoguism. It is occasionally based upon principles of justice and right. It is sometimes successful. It is often a failure. The lines of Thomas Moore, the national poet of Ireland, are peculiarly appropriate in their application to the first unfurling of the Continental flag :

"Rebellion ! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained !
How many a spirit born to bless,
Has sunk beneath that withering name—
Whom but a day, an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame !
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth—if chilled at first—
If checked in soaring from the plain—
Darken to fogs and sink again ;
But if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain's head,
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sunbright glories there !"

Had it not been for the lamentable and stupid obstinacy of George III.—which unfortunately defeated the wise and statesmanlike counsel of William Pitt, Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox—the world most probably, perhaps positively, never would have witnessed a rebellion in the old British colonies—a revolt which to the people of that day came like a black dream of horror and despair. The obstinate old King, entrenched in the fortress of royal prerogative, did not see beyond the imperial exigencies of the present, and remained correspondingly inflexible. The colonists felt aggrieved by what they conceived to be illegal and unconstitutional imposts. Petition after petition proved fruitless ; remonstrance was in vain. Concessions came

too late; then came the red accident of Lexington, the Boston tea tragedy, and the Declaration of Independence. The people were roused, they flew to arms, and the army of the Continental Congress went upon the warpath. The unpopular idea of rebellion had been fanned into a dangerous flame by Patrick Henry and others who took a conspicuous part in fomenting discontent into revolution.

After the commencement of hostilities, had it not been for other fortuitous contingencies, the army of the insurgents, as a dangerous or formidable force, could not have existed for even two years. Had Washington and Wellington been the leaders of the British army, instead of Cornwallis and Burgoyne, Saratoga and Yorktown could never have been emblazoned upon the flag of the new Republic. When discontent and discord had sown the dragon's teeth of revolution, the revolted British Americans responded bravely to the summons of the Fiery Cross of coming battle; but they were not left to fight alone. True, from the furrowed ground of ardent patriotism, armed for strife—like "Minerva from the brain of Jove"—sprung a band of heroic leaders, whom love of country made formidable, as the love of conquest made the marshals of Napoleon famous, and for a time, on the continent of Europe, irresistible. They form a grand catalogue, those men of '76. Washington, Warren, Montgomery, Wayne, Marion, Clinton, Green, Sumpter, Hamilton, Schuyler, Morgan, Ethen Allen, Putnam and a host of others, who led the van of the revolution and fought against their own kindred, "not that they loved Britain less, but that they loved freedom more."

The Continental army had also within its ranks those distinguished foreign warriors, Steuben, DeKalb, Lafayette, and Poland's last and greatest hero, next to John Sobieski, Kosciuszko! All these were men of heroic mould, and many of them masters of military tactics. Behind all this came the too willing aid of Britain's ancient enemy, France, enlisted with little difficulty or persuasion by Lafayette, who afterwards carried to France the prolific seeds of the fearful national tragedy of 1793.

General Warren was killed at Bunker's Hill, in the outset of his career, lamented alike by friend and foe. Montgomery fell before the citadel of Quebec, in an attempt to storm that fortress, which, as an officer in Wolfe's army, he had aided in capturing in the memorable battle of the Plains of Abraham, which resulted in the surrender of New France to Great Britain. I digress here to remark that the reader of history will remember that the Scottish Highlanders in Wolfe's army, who formed an important feature of the engagement, crimsoned their claymores in the gushing blood of vengeance for the atrocious massacre of Fort William Henry, perpetrated, contrary to honorable stipulation, by Montcalm's savage allies, after the British garrison had marched out with the honours of war upon the surrender of that fort.

Digressing still, or rather wandering in a field of light, brightened by the memories of the past! Kosciuszko fell when the last hope of

murdered Poland expired at Warsaw in 1831 ; when the life blood of dying patriotism sealed the bandit deed of partition to the despot triumvirate of piratical infamy, the three royal robbers of the North !

Thomas Campbell, in his "Pleasures of Hope," one of the finest poems in the English language, thus magnificently apostrophises the death of Kosciuszko :

"Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime ;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the Shattered Spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career,
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciuszko fell !"

General Fraser, the life of the British army, was killed at the battle of Saratoga. His end was tragical, almost murderous, at a time when the punctilious etiquette of chivalry was paramount even upon the field of battle. During the heat of the engagement, Colonel Morgan, whose regiment was armed with the only grooved weapons then in military use in the world, called a few of his men around him, and, pointing to the British soldier, said : "Do you see that gallant officer—that is General Fraser. I respect and honour him, but it is necessary that he should die." A few minutes afterwards General Fraser was carried from the field mortally wounded ; and the battle of Saratoga was won by the Continental army. It might have been otherwise had General Fraser lived through the fight. Prior to his death the advantages of the day were evidently upon the British side, and defeat on that critical occasion would have been peculiarly disastrous to the army of the rebels. The colonists fought bravely against many difficulties, yet favored by topographical and other local advantages. They had Washington at their head, who was ably seconded by subordinate commanders of much merit and undoubted heroism. The strife at length came to an end. It was as unfortunate as it was unnatural. The all but hopeless miseries and privations of Valley Forge were forgotten in the unexpected and jubilant triumph of York Town. The resources of Britain were by no means exhausted. The powers of steam and electricity were then unknown. The war was a costly one. The mother became tired and disgusted with shedding the blood of her own children on the battle fields of America. She gave up the contest and retired from the field of fratricidal and matricidal strife. The revolted colonists then became independent, and the star-spangled banner was unfurled upon the breeze as the hope and symbol of a new nationality. The Declaration of Independence was given practical effect to, and the United States of America received the cosmopolitan recognition of the great Powers of the earth.

The thirteen colonies which originally formed the young republic, by the attraction inherent in the expanding embodiment of success,

drew around them other territories, and the large influx of emigrants from Europe in due time swelled the population into abnormal proportions.

Now the American Republic constitutes an English speaking commonwealth as gigantic as it is wealthy; and a regard for truth compels me reluctantly to say, as socially rotten and impure as it is powerful—as politically corrupt as it is progressive—as unscrupulously dishonest as it is aggressive and imposing. I am not going to write the history of the war of Independence. It has already been written by eloquent pens. I have no wish to disturb the ashes of the pure and heroic patriots who fought at Bunker's Hill, Brandywine, Eutaw Springs, the Cowpens, Camden Town, Saratoga and York Town. I have touched some of those historic spots already. They have inspired the tongues of Fourth of July orators and fledged the wings of American poets for one hundred years, until the genius of Yankee jubilation, in the inflated fulness of self-glorification, actually imagines that the scream of the bald-headed Eagle startles the universal world. Could the sublime patriots of '76 look down upon their modern representatives, engaged in the turmoil and political anarchy of a Presidential election, they would be obliged to exclaim with humiliation and regret, "How are the mighty fallen!" Where is the primeval, honest lustre of the old thirteen Stars?

Brother Jonathan, what do you want? You have waste territory of your own that you cannot decently populate in two hundred years. You have within your own borders millions of lawless and uncivilized citizens—which the curse of universal suffrage has made so—whom fifty years of wise, careful and peremptory educating and drilling will fail to elevate to the legitimate status of good and orderly members of society. Your judiciary is impure and purchaseable; as an elective Bench, elevated to authority by a corrupt and dishonest franchise must inevitably be. In part, your pulpit is theatrical. The circus clown stands too near your altar. Many of your churches are no fit resting places for the Ark of the Covenant. Your elective system is rotten and corrupt from its centre to the outmost ring of its circumference. Your marriage laws are deplorably and dangerously lax. Continence and morality blush, and religion shudders at the venal profligacy of your Divorce courts. Where are the millions of the descendants of the sturdy and honest men of '76 who ought now to answer the roll call of the nation? The native American, like the bison of the plains, will soon be nothing but a sad recollection of the past. In your higher circles of society, a national sin, as unmentionable as it is revolting, in your very bluest-blooded and refined walks of life, has emasculated the virile blood of the nation; and the census enumerator within your proudest areas of civilization seeks in vain for the virtuous increase of the historic names which ought to burthen the national effect of his impoverished catalogue.

Brother Jonathan, the wings of your inordinate ambition are too expansive. They have grown weak and inoperative, particularly towards their extremities. Judge Lynch has too frequently to step in to balance the vibrating scales of justice. His decisions, though lawless, are often better and more just than yours. They are seldom unjust. They admit of no chance to purchase a new trial, and positively no appeal. Disorder flourishes, and murder stalks unblushingly abroad throughout your land. The fatal bowie-knife and the death-dealing revolver are too often the lawless arbiters of individual wrong and human passion. Justice slumbers while assassination reigns rampant even in the very vestibules of her desecrated temples. Set your own house in order before you invite unwilling guests to partake of your hospitality. Canada enjoys peace and plenty. She is contented with her lot. She will not submit to be chloroformed, while your sham scientists are extracting her teeth. On the outside, at a casual glance, your advances, Brother Jonathan, appear to be fair and plausible; but the basswood ham and the wooden nutmeg are too painfully apparent. Your futile attempt to sirenize us is a failure. Your music seems to have some strange variations. We cannot dance to it. The discord is palpable. Loyal Canadians are still wide awake enough to recognize "Yankee Doodle" when they hear it. We haven't a corporal's guard within the length and breadth of Canada to take up its chimes. Stick to your own gamut. Mind your own business. Wave your own flag in any direction but northward.

The signs of the times are ominous. If "coming events cast their shadows before;" if Southern discontent and negro impracticability have any prescient significance, you will inherit another, and perhaps much more difficult, "March through Georgia" before long. Stay on your own side of the river and prepare for the inevitable. We admire you afar off. We are not enthusiastically anxious for any closer relations with millions of your population that we don't want to be introduced to, even if you abjured the Stars and Stripes, and approached us singing "God Save the Queen!"

"Our lot, Brother Jonathan, is cast in pleasant places." "We have a goodly heritage," and we intend to keep it in spite of the spurious dictum of James Monroe. As Canadians, united by infrangible ties to the mother land, we enjoy unbounded liberty, without that dangerous degree of popular license which engenders national disorder and eventually proves the precursor of national ruin. Without exaggeration it may be said that our system of government is unsurpassed by that of any other country upon the face of the earth; and, putting it as mildly as possible, Brother Jonathan, totally unequalled by yours. We enjoy a species of moral, social and political peace, inherent in the nature of our institutions, with which your people are unacquainted, and never will know much about until your whole system is more assimilated to that of ours. Our country is the better, larger and richer portion of the North American continent. Its mineral and agri-

cultural resources are infinitely superior to what you can boast of. Our people, as a whole, are more religious, more moral, more law-abiding than your people. We are doing well. Our population is increasing at a healthy rate, and our annual increase is caused by the advent of a class who would be an honour to any country. We would like legitimate reciprocal trade with you, but Canada will neither retrograde nor die without it. We are making money. We are trying to do it honorably. We shall never bow down before the golden calf of expediency. We shall never attempt to imitate you by worshipping the "Almighty Dollar." You are welcome to the idol and the shrine. You will yet require a Moses to grind it to powder.

Comparatively speaking, our rate of progress and solid expansion is greater than yours. Our agricultural interests flourish—our commerce is in a prosperous state, without the pernicious aid of rings, bucket shops, or insecure ephemeral inflation. Our mercantile marine is an elephant while beside it yours would only look as a mouse. Its sails expand to the breezes of every clime—its prows cleave the waves of every sea. Our trans-continental railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific is a more gigantic and accomplished enterprise than you have yet dreamed of, even with your sixty millions of heterogenous humanity. We drove the big auger of national enterprise through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains and opened up the world's highway to Japan. We welded the Atlantic and the Pacific together with steel. The world doubted our ability to do it; but it has been accomplished. It was done by Canadian foresight, Canadian enterprise and Canadian money. The road is there; we built it. It has changed the geographical and commercial aspect of the world. It has brought China and Japan within arm's length. We shall soon have our own cable to the ends of the earth. We shall not then be cheated by the garbled despatches which come to us by New York, and require three weeks' study and further evidence to confirm. We have practically bridged the ocean from British Columbia to the East. The trade and travel of America will pass over it. By means of this great world's highway we can deposit thousands of carloads of tea at your warehouses in New York at a much cheaper rate than your own ingenuity can do it. We could bring you enough tea in two months to make Boston harbour reek with the aroma of China and Japan. Our soil in Ontario and the North West can produce a greater quantity of wheat from one acre than any part of the United States—even the blizzard-smitten fields of Dakota, so much vaunted of and so much lied about—can produce from two acres. Our climate, as a whole, is much healthier and much more invigorating than yours. We have no yellow fever, sitting like a paralyzing nightmare periodically amongst our maple trees. We do not envy you the orange groves of Florida; nor the reminiscences connected with the Seminole war, in which Osceola gave you all you could do for fifteen years before you became master of the "Everglades." You are welcome to them, rattle snakes and all! We have pine forests

enough within our borders to cover the face of your country from Maine to California with three-inch planks, and enough left afterwards to sheet over the Mississippi, tongued and grooved, from its source to its outlet in the Gulf of Mexico.

Canada is a young, fair and stalwart maiden of the North. Her robust constitution has been nursed into self-reliance by the breezes of her native mountains. He must be an honorable and chivalric wooer who dares to approach her with proposals of a closer alliance. Friend Jonathan, you will be obliged to cut the straps from under your boots and wear a more presentable "plug" before you attempt to pay your court to her. She has been accustomed to the beaver, and by no means hankers after the 'possum. She has been reared upon roast beef and plum pudding. She will not descend to pumpkin pie and "apple sass." In the language of the Indian chief she says to you and to all others—"The daughter of a king weds the son of a king; eagles must sit in eagle's nests." The sons of Canada are British Canadians, and, come what may, they intend to remain so. The bonds which unite them to the mother land are stronger than the pillars of Hercules. They are more enduring and more indestructible than the Pyramids of Egypt. They are contented with their lot. They love their own country. They love her lofty mountains, her magnificent rivers, her broad lakes and her illimitable plains, stretching in verdure towards the setting sun. They appreciate the inestimable advantages of their position, and they seek no other alliance beyond that which is inseparable from the hereditary traditions of their birthright. Their country constitutes a powerful and important portion of the British Empire, an empire which has done more for human progress and human freedom than the rest of the world put together.

Brother Jonathan, as Canadians we glory in the old land! We glory in her history and traditions. The brilliant and deathless muster roll of her statesmen, warriors, orators, poets, philosophers and scientists belong to us as truly as it does to the Briton who dwells beneath the shadows of Windsor Castle. We love our Queen as all that is wise in a monarch and all that is irreproachably grand and lovely in a woman! Westminster Abbey, our national Pantheon, dedicated to the immortal repose of the departed gods of our country's renown—the indestructible Acropolis which preserves their names and their memories from the oblivion of forgetfulness—belongs to us. Shakespeare, Milton, Spencer, Pope, Swift, Addison, Byron, Moore, Scott, Burns, Hogg, Nelson, Wolfe, Wellington, Raglan, Clyde, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Curran Grattan, O'Connell, Beaconsfield, Palmerston, Newton, Sydney, Hampden and a thousand other glittering stars in the immortal constellation of Britain's genius and greatness, all are ours—sons of that glorious old land which has given to the world such an ample harvest of human benefactors. We have every reason to rejoice in the grandeur of our present, and we would rather die than forget or surrender the glories of our past!

Away, then, with that cold-blooded, unpatriotic self-abnegation that would palter with loyalty and preach submission to the eternal disgrace of allowing so much that is glorious, so much that is worthy of perpetuation, to be practically engulfed in the devouring vortex of a country alien to our hereditary instincts and feelings, questionable in its stability, and repulsive to our confirmed and preconceived ideas of what is noblest and best in human progress and human civilization !

Brother Jonathan, after having achieved your independence, you have enjoyed the exercise of all your capacity to administer, in your own way, the principles of republicanism, for one hundred years. Doubtless, in your own opinion, you have been tolerably successful. We prefer, however, the experience of your past, and the testimony of history, to your opinion of yourself and your own doings. Taking the most charitable and dispassionate view of your efforts, your character and standing, it can scarcely be said that your career has been such a national success as would tempt any people, accustomed to the blessings of more stable and more rationally administered institutions, either to unite with or imitate.

Pluck the weeds out of your own cabbage garden and you will have quite enough work on your hands. They have grown so tall and so thick that the more valuable growth beneath is barely discernible. Beware, or the time will come when it will be indiscernible. Never mind Canada ; she can take care of herself. Begin at home. Try to solve the dangerous and disturbing problem of your troublesome negro population in the land of Dixie. It will tax your energies to the utmost. It can scarcely be said that their freedom has materially benefitted them or improved their condition ; certainly it has not benefitted the country. Why did you give them their freedom ? When your national anatomy—if not the existence of the republic—was in danger, without one spark of the true impulse of liberty, without one humane touch of moral or religious sentiment, President Lincoln, as a master-stroke of strategetic national policy, rendered necessary by the exigencies of the period, set them free under what was called the fifteenth amendment ; not simply that the slaves should enjoy the benefits and privileges of freemen, but that they might prove, as they afterwards did, an available force to crush the aspirations of the South. England might have made your path a thorny one then had she hearkened to the suggestions of Napoleon III., but she did not do it. She was honourably faithful to the North. How have you thanked her ? By the basest ingratitude. This is what the world thinks about your negro emancipation dodge. You wanted consequential damages from Britain, when the Alabama swept your commerce from the seas. Did you pay the planters of the South consequential or any other damages for their losses when the negroes were set free ?

Brother Jonathan, if you want to clear your national escutcheon of its stains, abolish the free love of your infamous Divorce Court—that national temple of licentiousness and immorality, which is leaving the

poisonous "trail of the serpent" upon what ought to be the holiest shrines and safeguards of a conscientious people's character, the domestic circles of the land. Make your laws supreme. Banish the bowie-knife and the revolver. Purify your Judicial Bench. Reconstruct your election laws. Keep your greenbacks out of the ballot-box, and endeavor to get one honest expression of political opinion, even if it be for the first time in sixty years. Try a dose of national probity, if only as an experiment. The taste will be new, and at first perhaps nauseous. Never mind that, it will turn out all right in the end, if moral blood poisoning has not enervated your system beyond redemption. Hand us back the State of Maine, out of which we were cheated by the unscrupulous exercise of your peculiar system of diplomacy upon the too trusting pliability of Lord Ashburton. Pay back to Canada the expense which she has occurred in repelling the atrocious incursions and intended raids of your own lawless subjects. Restore to its rightful owner the balance of the \$15,000,000 paid to you as compensation for the "St. Alban's Raid," to which you have no more right than the two or three ubiquitous highwaymen who week after week "hold up" and plunder your railway trains, have a right to what they lawlessly steal and carry off. Inform and enlighten yourself about political sentiment in Canada. Your midnight ignorance concerning our country and its people is as deplorable as it is monstrously and inconceivably incorrect. Pay no attention to the subsidized ravings of a few insignificant tramp demagogues. They represent nothing but the amount for which they have been bought. No matter how little they cost, the price paid for them was exorbitant. They are clever romancers.—Butterworth, Erastus Wiman and Adirondack Murray, never mind them: yellow-covered literature is cheap; its stories are as true as theirs, and much more interesting. Put no trust, Brother Jonathan, in the classical ravings of Professor Goldwin Smith, that self-imagined political juggernaut, whose influence in Canada is as infinitesimal as his erudition is profound. His career hitherto has stamped him aameleon-hued theoretical weathercock, ever seeking after a new mystery, and never long satisfied with the result of his discoveries. He knows the difference between loyalty and treason, and yet he is called an advocate of annexation. He is hard to make out. Perhaps "much learning has made him mad." He professes to be a patriot. Quintus Curtius plunged into the gap in the Roman Forum for his country's sake. Lake Ontario is accessible. What will he do? "We pause for a reply." The learned professor has never achieved a lasting success of any kind except as an able and classical exponent of the English language. He had better constitute himself the apostle of a more practicable mission than that of preaching annexation. The people of Canada, if not the citizens of the United States, are wise enough to see through the gossamer cobwebs of casuistical sophistry with which he invests his distasteful and unwelcome theme. He seems to be here to-day and away to-morrow. "With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool."

The distinguished professor is destitute of stability. He seems like a tottering infant in knowledge of popular political feeling in this country. He stands almost alone, like a single *parasitical* caterpillar attempting to devour the verdant foliage of our Maple Tree. Benedict Arnold, who attempted to sell West Point to the British in the days of '76, would have made a fitting recruit for his yet non-existent traitor brigade. Could the noted professor go to sleep and slumber on in the chill torpidity of forgetfulness for twenty-five years, and then, when awakened by the forty-millioned hum of Canadian progress, he would be surprised to find his name unknown, his fallacious theories forgotten and not one of his volatile visions realized.

Brother Jonathan, your boasting is puerile, your promises are flattering, but they are specious. Your attractions, as you paint them yourself, and as your annexation recruiting sergeants proclaim them, appear to be peculiarly tempting; but it all won't do! In the graphic and expressive language of your delightful poet, James Russell Lowell, to whom I apologize for slightly altering one verse to suit my purpose, Canadian Loyalists exclaim:—

Trash away, you'll hev to rattle
 On them kittle-drums o' yourn—
 'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
 That is ketched with mouldy corn;
 Put in stiff you fifer feller,
 Let feller see how spry you be—
 Guess you'll tout it till you're yellin'
 'Fore you git a hold o' me!

Take them editors that's crowin'
 Like a cockerel three months old—
 "Never mind their blarsted blowin'
 Every crow of theirn's for gold!"
 Aint they a prime set o' fellers,
 'Fore they think on't they will sprout
 (Like a peach thet's got the yellers)
 All the meanness busting out!

Jest go home and ask your Nancy,
 Whether I'd be such a goose
 Es to jine ye—guess you'd fancy
 The eternal bung was loose!
 She wants me for home consumption,
 Let alone the hay's to mow—
 Ef you're after 'folks o' gumption,
 You've a darned long row to hoe!"

In a country like Canada, where its people, under the protection of good laws and good government, enjoy unbounded liberty, prosperity and peace, they can have no desire for change. They are content and

happy, and they look forward to the brilliant future of expansion and development which will dawn upon the sight of their children.

Friend Jonathan, shut your ears to the false and insidious utterances of the few interested traitors who are amongst us. They do not count. Their names are not on our muster roll. We do not depend upon them. "In the day and hour of danger" you could not see them with a telescope, or find them with a search warrant. Turn your back upon the specious and venal demagogues of your own land. They are leading you astray. They are fond of notoriety. They would rather be seen stealing a horse, or setting fire to a church, than not be seen at all. Demagogues, like critics, are ready-made. It takes a little mental cogitation to make a traitor. Sometimes a woman is in the case. The fair Livingstone made a traitor of the gallant Montgomery, whose life met with a fatal collapse upon the field which witnessed the rise of his young glory as a brother soldier of Wolfe.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

What about *beamless* Sol and Uncle Rastus? It is said that one of them is a descendant of the old U. E. Loyalists and was born in Canada. If this be true, he is a degenerate and rotten branch of a noble tree—a reproach to the memory of his gallant ancestors—they who left their houses and lands, their flocks and herds behind them, and bearing with them only the *lares* and *penates* of their conscientiously preserved heritage of loyalty, steered for the North Star, which guided them to the land where the old Red Cross was waving! They gathered loyally around it—they fought for it, they lived and died beneath its honoured folds. They were true patriots—brave and worthy sires of the men who form to-day a strong and sturdy race, alive to Canadian interests and devoted to British connection. Brave, disinterested patriots, they did not count the cost. They were not the sort of mercenary travesties "who would stop the stream of the Helicon to turn a mill, and fell the cedars of Lebanon to make a pig-pen."

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he has turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand.
If such there breathe—go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell—
Though high his titles, proud his name,
His wealth all that his wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentrated all in self—

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured and unsung !"

Brother Jonathan, we offer kindly fellowship and friendship to you and your family. We fervently desire long continued peace between the United States and Canada. We sincerely hope that the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack may never approach each other except as the friendly and pacific symbols of mutual friendship, progress and prosperity. We have our destiny to accomplish. We are busily engaged in the work now. We do not intend to relax our efforts. Despite every obstacle, we shall go ahead, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. Our eyes are steadfastly fixed upon the light in front—the handles of the plough are within our grasp—we shall never look back ; our march shall be onward, until the golden furrow of our coming prosperity lies turned upward to the sun !

We believe that no system of government devised by human genius is superior to our own. Allied by the strongest ties of consanguinity, and ardently attached by the indissoluble bonds of political education to the Mother Country, and ever proud of our connection with her, no inducements can cause us to swerve from our love and our allegiance. While influenced by the broadest principles of national honour, and fully alive to the prudent exigencies of international courtesy and fair relations of commerce, we fear no result—we cringe beneath the threats of no people, and lower the dignity of our position to no flag on earth ! We are willing to let bygones slumber. We are not at all disturbed in spirit by what is called the "Monroe Doctrine." What ever constituted President James Monroe the valid apostle of a doctrine of any kind ? We don't grieve very much now about the results of '76. They might however, as we judge, have conveyed a better and more valuable lesson to the world than that which has been taught by the experience of one hundred years. We seldom, unless unduly irritated, say much about 1812. History has told the story of Lundy's Lane, Crysler's Farm, Queenston Heights and Fort Niagara. We look back and are satisfied. We don't want to do it again. War is humanity's curse ; peace is the world's greatest blessing. We desire peace, long, unbroken peace with your people, Brother Jonathan. We appreciate the advantages of proper and reasonable commercial relations between such near neighbors of the same lineal extraction. We shall, however, come what will, never stoop to anything unworthy or contemptible, either to perpetuate peace or to secure legitimate and reasonable commercial relations, as a solid basis of mutual good will and dignified intercourse.

We Canadians are not given to boasting, but we are not afraid. We know that, in case of necessity (may the time never come), that we could put 500,000 men into the field—men who would not be afraid to "speak with the enemy in the gate." We know that England would

aid us with her last ship, her last man and her last dollar! We imagine also that the Mother Country would send us over 100,000 Indian warriors, in the bravery of their barbaric splendour, as courageous as bulldogs and as hardy as mustangs. We are morally certain, also, that there are at least one million of Canadians, now residing in the United States, not the least honoured and enterprising sojourners there, who, at the first clang of the tocsin of strife, would come home to fight for the land of their birth and the honour of the Union Jack. Looking at probabilities and possibilities, even in their gloomiest aspect, Canada may modestly yet firmly exclaim: "Who's afraid!" We want no trouble, we desire no international difficulties or disagreements. Our country is large enough for us. Brother Jonathan, your country is large enough for you; go ahead and we shall do likewise.

Brother Jonathan, I have endeavoured to tell you the truth and nothing but the truth in what I have said about your country and your people; but I have not told you the whole truth. In order to show you that I have not exaggerated or gone beyond fair and legitimate criticism upon any one point, I shall give you the words of a citizen of your own country, which are as remarkable as they are unquestionably forcible and eloquent. They form part of an oration delivered by Colonel P. Donan, of Dakota, at Fargo, on the fourth day of July, 1888. Any one who reads them cannot fail to recognize in the man who uttered them a patriot and an orator:—

"But amid all your rejoicing, hear a few serious suggestions. Let a faint croak of the raven mingle with the exultant scream of the eagle. I pray your pardon for sounding one discordant note, but a sense of duty impels me to call attention to some portents of ill-omen. In all the annals of time no attempt at free government has ever succeeded—has ever been permanent. The surf-beaten shores of the ages are strewn with the wrecks of all former republics. Why may we not fail? Human nature is much the same in every age. With all our infinite advances in science and material development it is doubtful whether we are politically wiser, better or braver than the countrymen of Solon and Socrates, Demosthenes, Themistocles, and Epaminondas, Cincinnatus, Curtius, Brutus and Cato. Yet, with their deathless array of heroes, sages, philosophers and patriots, the republics of Greece and Rome tottered and fell! Why may not ours?"

"The road to ruin which all other republics have travelled has been a short and steep downgrade. Their success brought wealth; great wealth produced luxury and extravagance; these in turn begat demoralization, corruption and disregard of law; revolution and anarchy followed, and the end was at hand. While they were poor and pure they prospered; when lucre, lust and license crept in their downfall began. In the infallible light of history and experience behold the auguries of evil in our own beloved land. Our success has amazed the world; wealth has poured in upon us like a golden flood; the wildest

madness of luxury and profligacy has swept over us, and to-day the country reeks with lawlessness and iniquity, the precursors of decay. The whole continent and Government seems honeycombed with rottenness. Monstrous wrongs and abuses have entrenched themselves in the sacred citadel of the republic. Its deepest foundations in the hearts and confidence of the people are shaken. Giant corruption, like the unclean beast, the Abomination of Desolation in prophetic vision, perches on our holiest altars and bespatters with its ulcerous filth the robes of the priests, the togas of our senators, and the ermine of our judges. From highest to lowest, from Presidents, Senators and Cabinet officers to dog law legislators, capital locators and cross-roads town councilmen, no class or position is clear of hideous suspicions and imputations. Officers, laws, verdicts of juries and decisions of courts are as open and as notoriously marketable as peanuts in a peddler's tray. Congresses and Senates have been bought up like scabby cattle in stalls; and giant rings, headed by such lineal descendants of Kydd, Lafitte and Sixteen-string Jack as Jay Gould, have pillaged the people of annual millions and tens of millions. Empires of public lands and money have been voted away by bribe-bought renegades to bands of organized pirates, compared with whom the famous Forty Thieves of oriental story would be exemplary Christian gentlemen. Our governmental banditti have perpetrated railroad grabs, army bill steals, river and harbor gouges, Navy Department piracies, Indian supply robberies, star route pickpocketries, Custom house swindles and frauds—steals everywhere, in everything, from the White House vestibules to the last moonshine still house in the backwoods, until no one would be surprised if they should steal the presidency and the Government itself. Two hundred and thirty million dollars of official defalcations and embezzlements in the last fifteen years tells, trumpet-tongued, an appalling story of public rottenness and wrong; and nearly a hundred million dollars a year of swindling business failures echoes the shameful tale in private life. Senators become millionaires in ten or twenty years on salaries of five thousand a year, while they annually spend from ten to fifty thousand, and then with their ill-gotten gains brazenly push themselves for the presidency. That grandest office on the globe, with its vast power and patronage of its hundred thousand appointments, is used as a mere engine to promote partisan success and personal ambitions. Jobbery, robbery, rings, combinations, bargains and sales are the rule in every political movement, from nominating a President to locating a clapboard capital or lunatic asylum. Mighty monopolies, built up by bribery and scoundrelly lobbies, by their ruthless exactions excite communism and socialism. The suffrage, the holiest right of freemen, is debased, and votes, oaths, honour and decency are staple articles of barter and trade. The whole land is deluged with infamy and sin. Every newspaper press groans beneath the burden of its daily record of crimes. The very lightnings themselves have grown weary of flashing abroad the never-

ending, sickening, wire-corroding details of outrages and horrors for which the vocabularies of pandemonium a generation ago furnished no name."

The abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty did not kill, or even materially injure the commercial interests of Canada. At first we were a little inconvenienced, but we have got on bravely and progressed rapidly and satisfactorily without it. As a consequence, our neighbours across the line have suffered as much without it as we have. With the opening up of other channels of trade, consequent upon the construction of our great national railway, under our present enlightened and practical commercial policy, we are getting on remarkably well, and our future success is pretty well assured. Our population is increasing rapidly, and will increase more rapidly still, when truth triumphs over falsehood and the fact becomes more universally known in the old countries, that Canada is a better and safer field of enterprise for emigrants, and for the investment of capital, than any other part of the American continent. Our area of fertile land is large and vastly more productive than that of our neighbours. Our mineral resources are as practically inexhaustible as they are rich and valuable. In our great North West there are homes for millions, who will come to us from the overcrowded centres of European civilization, to better themselves and assist in developing the resources of the Dominion. In fertility the soil of the North West is practically inexhaustible. The tilling of fifty years would but little impair its power to produce the most soil-exhausting varieties of cereals. Over our own great line of railway, the Canadian Pacific, the produce of our own soil can be carried through our own territory, from ocean to ocean. In case of national emergency, 100,000 armed men could leave the shores of Britain and in twelve days could "stand at ease" on the shores of British Columbia without touching foreign soil! We Canadians are contented, prosperous and happy. The luminous atmosphere of perfect liberty under a good constitution—like the Shekinah of the ancient Jewish Temple—rests like a pillar of fire upon every acre of our glorious heritage! The vistas of the future opening up before us are full of promise—they are bright with the well grounded anticipations of the coming time, which are as certain as human existence, as inevitable as destiny. Our country forms an important portion of the Island empire upon which "the sun never sets." Inspired by the trumpet-voices of the glorious past, by the enlightenment, progress and prosperity of the present—beckoned onward by the giant certainties of the future, which already fling their prescient splendours from every mountain top in our free and happy land—the die is cast! Our destiny is inevitable. We shall cling with undying devotion and patriotic determination to our own land, our own constitution, and our own flag!

BRITISH CONNEXION.

No prouder alliance than ours can be boasted,
 No grander, no nobler descent can be known ;
 Earth may have guerdons, but none more resplendent,
 Than the birthright Canadians can claim as their own !
 The old "Wooden Walls" with their long list of glories—
 The names of the heroes who manned them we claim ;
 And ours, as our sires, is the brightest of stories,
 Which gilds with its lustre the pages of Fame !

Ours are the oaks and the old Druid Temples,
 Alfred and Richard, the lion-heart King !
 Ours are the Barons who stood up for freedom !
 Ours are the songs of our country to sing—
 Songs full of fire and national feeling—
 Tales of the deeds of the mighty, at rest,
 Charm of the palace and peasant's lone shieling,
 Thrilling alike every patriot breast.

The wisdom, the glory, the might of that nation
 Which rose like the sun from the breast of the sea ;
 And first 'mongst the powers of earth took her station,
 The land of "the brave, and the home of the free !"
 The cradle of genius, the birthplace of freedom,
 The soil whence wealth, honor, and chivalry sprung,
 Are ours, all brighter than artist e'er painted,
 All nobler than poet or minstrel e'er sung.

Milton is ours, mysterious and mighty !
 And Shakespeare, that lofty Colossus of song !
 Byron, Pope, Moore, Campbell, Dryden and Burns,
 Whose strains rolling ages shall only prolong.
 Orators, warriors, poets and statesmen,
 Who made Britain famous, or ruled her for good ;
 Souls full of glory, and tongues full of fire,
 Burke, Sheridan, Pitt, Curran, Grattan and Flood !

Ours are the glories of Westminster Abbey,
 Where slumber the valiant, the great and the brave !
 Britain's Pillar of Fire, which burns through the ages,
 And warms not the dust of a traitor or slave !
 Light of the past, and proud hope of the future—
 Beacon which shines through the tempests of time ;
 National ark where the records of greatness
 Repose in the silence of glory sublime !

Marlborough, Nelson, Sidney and Hampden,
 Havelock, Palmerston, Exmouth are there ;
 Beaconsfield, Wellington, 'Shakespeare and Chatham,
 Reposing like lions asleep in the lair !
 They who have fought on the fields of her glory--
 Hearts which have burned for her honor and fame,
 Hands which have written her wonderful story,
 The sybilline numbers which circle her name.

We're not tired yet of the old Flag that's o'er us,
 Beneath which our patriot ancestors bled ;
 "God Save the Queen" is our national chorus,
 God keep that old Flag over Canada's head !
 Ne'er may a shred from its border be torn
 By hands all unworthy its wreaths to unfold ;
 Long may its blazonry o'er us be borne,
 Grand with the unfading glories of old !

Long may the bond which unites us in spirit,
 Firm as the love of our country remain !
 Long may we cherish the rights we inherit—
 Children of Britain—the Queen of the Main !
 Never may traitorous hand cut asunder
 The tie which is dear to each patriot heart,
 While the Bulldogs of ocean still wields the Isle's thunder,
 No traitor or foeman can rend it apart !

What ! barter our birthright, our Flag and our glory,
 For aught that this world can offer instead ;
 Forget that we bask in the sunlight of story—
 Remember no more our illustrious dead !
 Surrender our rights to the grasp of the stranger—
 Dismantle our fortresses, yield up our land,
 Lie down in the dust when the tocsin of danger
 Should call every man round the Red Cross to stand !

Canada's free as the blasts of the ocean !
 Free as the billows that revel in foam !
 Untouched by the scourge of internal commotion ;
 Peace, progress and plenty have made her their home.
 Shall we then basely forget that we're Britons,
 And lower our Flag from its place near the sky ?
 Never ! we're not made of that kind of metal—
 Born 'neath that Banner, around it we'll die !

OTTAWA, April 8th, 1889.

